The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

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The Reviving World.

Who was it that so lately said
All pulses in thine heart were dead,

Old earth, that now in festal robes
Appearest, as a bride new wed?

Oh, wrapped so late in winding sheet,—
Thy winding sheet, oh, where is fled?

Lo! 'tis an emerald carpet now,
Where the young monarch, Spring, may tread.

He comes, and, a defeated king,
Old Winter to the hills is fled.

The warm wind broke his frosty spear,
And loosed the helmet from his head.

And the weak showers of arrowy sleet
From his strongholds have vainly sped.

All that was sleeping is awake,
And all is living that was dead.

Who listens now can hear the streams
Leap tinkling from their pebbly bed.

Or see them from their fetters free,
Like silver snakes the meadows thread.

The joy, the life, the hope of earth,
They slept awhile, they were not dead.

O thou who say'st thy sore heart ne'er
With verdure can again be spread;

O thou who mournest them that sleep,
Low lying in an earthly bed—

Look out on this reviving world,
And be new hopes within thee bred!

—Archbishop Trench.

The Religion of Jesus.

A SERMON PREACHED AT OAKFIELD ROAD CHURCH, CLIFTON, ON BEHALF OF THE BRISTOL DOMESTIC MISSION, ON SUNDAY, MARCH 13th, 1898,

BY H. ENFIELD DOWSON, B.A.

JOHN xiv. 4.—"I am the way, the truth and the life."

The essence of Christianity is found in the spirit of Christ. If anyone could see Jesus of Nazareth as he was, with an eye that looked upon him without any prejudice, what would he appear to be? Of what character? Certainly, Jesus, as the founder of the Christian religion, is the example of true Christianity for all time. His spirit and his life are Christianity. Yet it is remarkable how far this simple religion of Jesus has been allowed to vanish from light, and how different Christianity has become from the spirit of the Master.

Christianity in the person of Christ is a religion of a few very simple ideas. Of these the chief is the Fatherhood of God, bringing him into direct personal relation with his children. God and man are the two great constituents in the life of the Christian religion, God giving birth to man and holding him in his Almighty arms, not a hair of his head falling to the ground without the Heavenly Father's care, and man, with the spiritual nature given him by God, called to live the life of a child of the All-Holy. The faith is wonderfully plain and

simple, with no metaphysics about it, with no mysterious doctrines. What could be less complicated than the beautiful relation of father and child? What could lend itself less to elaborate creeds? What could be simpler? Just as a child knows—with its pure, trustful heart—what is its relation to its earthly parents, a bond of union and a source of infinite trust, so when Jesus made the Fatherhood of God the primal truth of Christianity, he made it clear to the heart and mind of every human being.

Read the gospels as often as you like with an open mind, and without any foregone conclusion from any creed, and you find Christ's words full of this simple beautiful faith in a loving Father, and you cannot find any attempt to define His nature in abstruse phraseology. If any one passage more than another contains the whole spirit of Christ's faith in God, it is the lovely parable of the Prodigal Son, where nothing comes out but just the relation which we understand by the word "father," with all that it means of deathless love and yearning over the child, far or near, obedient or disobedient. Infinite holiness and infinite love united, that is the life and soul of the Heavenly Father, embracing—with arms that never tire—every child. And we have the whole of Christ's faith in God when we have that, without a single metaphysical abstraction.

And strange is it beyond almost all other things on this earth, that the beautiful simplicity of this Gospel of the Heavenly Father's love has been so far lost. What is Christianity as professed by the vast majority now? The religion of Jesus is hardly recognisable; it has been so smothered in elaborate creeds, of which not a vestige is found in Christ's words. No one, whose sayings have been recorded, was less a teacher of creeds than Christ. No one provided less material out of which creeds could grow. Alas! that they have grown so unnaturally. Not Christ's at all, they were the fruit of a totally different Spirit. They were the fruit, as Dr. Hatch showed in his Hibbert Lectures, of an outside influence exerted upon Christianity. It was into the Greek world that Christianity spread in the first centuries; it was Greek thought that seized upon it and moulded its form. Philosophy was the breath of life of every Greek theologian, and a simple, practical religion, without a single abstruse idea, could not satisfy the Greek converts. It was said that conquered Greece led her Roman conquerors captive; it might equally well be said that converted Greeks led their Christian converters captive. The mental activity and intellectual culture of the Greeks were a mighty power in the ancient world, laying hold of the mind of all with whom they came in contact, Roman thought and Christian religion falling under their sway; and in three centuries after its birth, Christianity was by these means utterly revolutionised from the religion that—in the soul of Jesus—was a simple trust in the Heavenly Father. The Nicene Creed, with its very God of very God, was the stepping-stone for Greek thought to the complete Athanasian dogma of the Triune Deity, with all its recondite and unintelligible phraseology of three that are one, of one that is three, co-equals and co-eternals. Place the Athanasian Creed and Jesus' words side by side, the two are poles asunder; the words of Jesus contain his religion, the Athanasian Creed contains the extraordinary notions of learned Greek Theologians, that have hidden his religion from view.

And the most remarkable part of this metamorphosis of Christianity by the action upon it of Greek thought, is the use to which it has been put by subsequent Christian generations. No sooner had these abstruse and incomprehensible creeds been established in the Church of Christ, than it was given out that they were the infallible truth of God, to be believed on pain of eternal perdition. They came from a purely human, aye from a heathen source, not from Christ, nor from his Apostles, but from a people that had for ages been idolaters; but, no sooner—after the wranglings of the Bishops in the Councils of the Church were over—had a majority decreed a doctrine true, than it became, at once, damnable heresy to deny it, punishable by persecution here, and by eternal torments hereafter. The effect of these creeds was even more remarkable than their origin, and was even more antagonistic to the whole spirit of Jesus of Nazareth. What has the teaching of Jesus to say to the utter condemnation of all who do not repeat orthodox creeds? In Christ's mind, is repeating any creed, however true, the way to heaven? In Christ's mind, is denying any creed the means of falling under

divine condemnation? It is manifest to anyone who simply takes the gospels in his hand and reads them, that salvation and damnation are not, in Christ's mind, determined by professions of belief or by unbelief. He elaborated no single formula of faith, and he bade men adhere to none for the salvation of their souls. He took just the opposite view; and he expressed it again and again. Not by crying "Lord, Lord," in any approved fashion should men enter the kingdom of heaven, but only by doing the will of their Father, which was in heaven. Who were his mother, and brothers, and sisters? Those, again, who would do their Heavenly Father's will. Who were blessed? The pure in heart, the peace-makers, the poor in spirit, they who hungered and thirsted after righteousness, they who were persecuted for righteousness' sake. In the graphic picture he gave of the last judgment, who were the sheep who on the right hand of the throne heard the words, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world"? Had they learnt any creed by rote, and could they repeat it? Was that the merit, in the eyes of Christ, that won for them the divine benediction? No! What was it that they had done? They had given meat to the hungry, they had given drink to the thirsty, they had taken the stranger in, they had clothed the naked, and they had visited the sick, and those in prison. These acts of Christian love, done to the least of their brethren, won for them the blessing of the Father of infinite love. And who, on the contrary, were those who on the left hand heard the terrible condemnation:—"Depart from me, ye cursed"? Were they men who had fallen into some error in the study of theology? Had they not learned their creeds aright? No, there is not a word about creeds. They had not done the acts of benevolence that had won the Heavenly Father's blessing on the others. They were goats on the left of the throne, because they had not fed the hungry, because they had not given drink to the thirsty, because they had not taken the stranger in and clothed the naked, and because they had not visited the sick and those in prison. They had not in their hearts the love of God's children, and they were none of His, but outcasts from His kingdom of everlasting righteousness and love. What could be a plainer proof of Christ's idea of what saved and what condemned a man? Marvellous that of the religion that Christ taught thus, can have been made a system of dogma, belief in which is the certain way to heaven, rejection of which is the certain way to hell! And wander over the pages of the Gospels where you will, you find the same spirit everywhere. When the rich man comes to Christ, to know how he may inherit eternal life, what is Christ's answer? Is it that he must believe in any creed? No; it is that he must sell all that he has and give to the poor. Self-sacrificing love is the way to eternal life; not a word about any sort of belief. Again and again, men are told, as the one thing needful in time and in eternity, to take up their cross and follow Christ, to live his life and be ready, if need be, to die his death. It is utterly incomprehensible how this teaching of Christ's, found in page after page of the Gospels, can have been transformed into the doctrine that nothing saves like the right creed, and that nothing damns like the wrong one. Oh! for what terrors and miseries is that notion responsible in the past? It was the engine of all the frightful persecutions that render some periods of the history of Christianity so horrible, and such an outrage on the fair name of Jesus, and on his beautiful spirit of love. Further, it has also been, and still is, the cause of a great loss of power in Christianity to leaven with Christ's own righteousness the spirit of Christendom. For, alas! age after age, the great topic of Christian preachers has not been—"Repent, sin no more, be pure and kind and true, love your neighbour as yourself, do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with your God." The life of the Master has not been the text of most discourse. But, the creeds born of Greek philosophy, the mysterious talismans for opening the heavenly gates, have taken the foremost place; and endless controversy about abstract speculations, and bitter quarrels between theologians, have formed the staple of countless sermons. And, in these doctrines, religion and the Christian life have had no place and have exerted no influence. What difference to human duty does it make, whether one or another metaphysical dogma is believed? What a terrible waste of breath! What a loss of the divinest influence on earth! This

has been Christianity gone astray and missing its mark.

And the work of our little band of churches is to take our part with others of other Christian churches better than their creeds, in bringing Christianity back to its true vocation; to follow up and up and up the stream of time till we sit once more at the feet of Christ, and have got behind the veil of prejudice and the mists of Greek philosophy that have obscured the beautiful face of Jesus. Oh! for one hour with the dear Master, for one echo of the tones of his voice, for one sight of him, as he was! Would that we could have been among those who listened as he spake as no man ever spake before, and that we could have heard his beatitudes, and felt the power of his gracious influence!

That cannot be; but it is possible in spirit to dwell with him, in spirit to realise what he was, and what he thought, and what he did. It is possible to try to undo the long errors of the Christian ages, and to pierce through them to the pure beauty of the religion of Jesus, and to find in it once more what he found himself. That is what we have to do. We have simply to try to be as Jesus was, and to drink from the same everlasting well of righteousness and truth whereof he drank. We have only to stand in spirit side by side with him, enshrining in our souls the same pure and unquenchable faith in the Heavenly Father's deathless love. Living with the same abiding sense that the Father's arms are round about us, and that the Father's life is poured out within us, we have only to share his infinite trust that—in all times and places, in all sorrows and trials—we are not alone, for our Father is with us. We have, while resting in peace in this great and deathless trust, that shall make us brave and hopeful in all circumstances, to follow Jesus into his own daily life, and into the spirit that breathed in every word he spoke, and in every action he performed.

For the great beauty of the religion of Jesus, and what makes it transcend in influence all other religions, is that he himself was its fairest expression. And what we have to do is to be like him, living the life that he said was blessed, but that was most blessed in him, and to make ours his purity of heart laden with divine vision, his love that knew no selfish moment, his faith that never wavered, his courage that never failed, and his glorious enthusiasm in the service of God and man which founded his new kingdom of righteousness upon earth, and which to-day hands on an inspiration which shall yet re-establish it in its primal beauty, and simplicity, and truth.

In appealing this morning on behalf of your domestic mission, I am confident of your kind support, because, to my mind, it is engaged in a work whose sacred aim it is just to bring to your poorer brothers and sisters in another region of this great city this spirit and life of Jesus. Its purpose, as I understand it, is simply and purely religious and benevolent, such as Jesus blessed, holding out loving hands to those in need, and most of all to those in need of inspiration to the higher and better life. Putting aside as—comparatively speaking—waste of breath, any theological propaganda or any sectarian aim, your domestic mission carries your message of Christian love to many a brother, to many a sister; and your endeavour, through the lips and through the lives of your earnest and devoted missionary and his willing assistants, is to bring the spirit of Jesus, as he went about doing good in Galilee and Jerusalem, into the homes and the workshops of those who toil and suffer hard by your doors, to be their strength in temptation, and their comfort in trial, and to show them "the way, the truth, and the life." I commend, therefore, your mission to you all as the most Christian work in which you can engage.

On the Religion of Gentlemen.

By a Philanthropic Allegorist.

As we were about to write our thoughts on this subject we chanced to encounter Mr. Leslie Stephens' suggestive essay on "The Religion of all Sensible Men." The title of Mr. Stephens' work caused us to hesitate in the prosecution of our own design. It seemed to warn us that the ground was already covered. For what else is the religion of a gentleman if it be not the religion of a sensible man? But then it flashed upon us, with all the delightful freshness of a new idea, that though all gentlemen are sensible men, yet sensible men are by no means always gentlemen. Mr. Stephens' public was obviously of a much

wider and less exclusive character than that to which we propose to address our remarks. Therefore, having satisfied ourselves that we were not forestalled, we determined to resume our interrupted labours. The time was ripe, so it seemed to us, for a frank discussion of this most important topic, on which previous writers, yielding to habits of dignified reserve, which the Art of Philanthropic Allegory does not require, have maintained a delicate, but in our judgment mistaken silence.

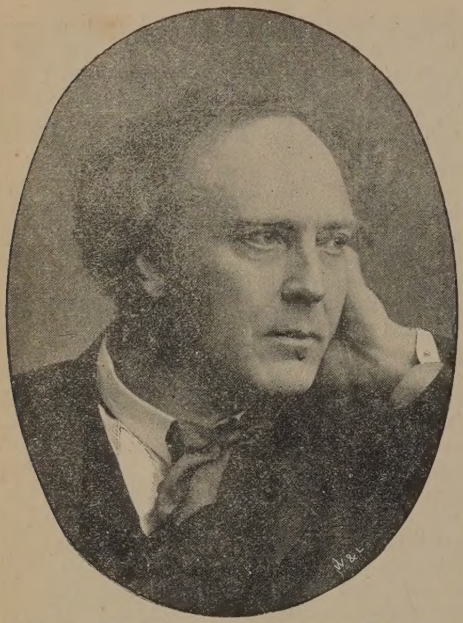
The further perusal of Mr. Stephens' essay confirmed us in our resolution to go on. His language, otherwise faultless, betrays a tone of irritation which even the resources of Agnostic Philosophy are powerless to disguise. He counsels the sensible man to gaze with an impartial and intelligent eye upon the follies of those who are less sensible than himself, but warns him against the danger of allowing the spectacle to sour his temper or to impair the perfect balance of his mind. He urges all sensible men to possess their souls in peace. Now this advice, which so often seems to express the need rather than the actual condition of those who tender it, might, we think, be followed with advantage by our essayist himself. For he, too, seems to be upset —in the first place by his own incapacity to see light beyond the darkness of this perplexing world, in the second by the obstinacy of others in refusing to acknowledge a like incapacity in themselves.

That this may be the right temper in which to discuss the religion of All Sensible Men is not beyond the bounds of possibility; but that anyone possessed by such a spirit could ever understand the religion of a gentleman is what we resolutely deny. To successfully achieve this latter requires that both reader and essayist should not only know the world but love it. This qualification we claim for our own. As the fruit of the widest experience of men, the most intimate acquaintance with every phase of human life, the most varied opportunities of studying other people's business, and our own, ever vouchsafed to the student of human nature—as the fruit and last recorded result of these extraordinary advantages we are able to say—we love the world and the things of the world. Our back is not yet broken by the burden of sorrowful reflection (we speak as fools). In defiance of Human Progress, the Radical Programme, and the latest improvements in Hygiene, our digestion is good, and our slumbers are sweet (we still speak as fools). We are not distressed by the spectacle of human follies, but on the contrary find them as pleasant to contemplate as they are easy to copy.

Nothing in our wide experience of life has more deeply impressed us than the sagacity of fools (we still speak, and will ever speak as one of them). How strange it is and yet how well attested that man cannot understand wisdom until it has attired itself in the garb of folly. Wisdom is raw meat. Place it if you will before the prize-fighter of the spiritual world and all species of intellectual ruffians (of which there are so many), but cook it into folly, and serve it with foreign gravies, and flank it with a goodly dish of farinaceous humbug, before you invite a self-respecting stomach to fill itself with a substance so vile. This is our philosophy. From which it will be gathered by the judicious that we, unlike Mr. Stephen, believe in Something. But the truth we hold is one which conceals itself in error, and the wisdom we profess is vestured in foolishness. To strip man of his folly and exhibit him in sensible nakedness is to deprive him of all that confers respectability on the inhabitants of this planet. It would be tantamount to annihilating the order of gentlemen at a blow. To what end did Teufelsdröckh exhaust the greatest mind of the ages in writing the Philosophy of Clothes, if the religion of sensible men be now permitted to raise its head. Away with it, say we. By sensible men we assume, of course, that Mr. Stephen means sensible Englishmen. Had he meant the religion of sensible Irishmen, we should have turned to his pages with a more teachable mind. But we flatly inform him that the topic on any other condition contains no interest for us. It is otherwise with the Religion of a Gentleman, for reasons hereafter to be given.

(To be continued.)

We all want to be individual, but many of us go about it in foolish ways. Many a woman chooses an extravagant *outré* bonnet because that is the ouly way her poor little soul knows how to assert its own individuality.



Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, M.A.

AN APPRECIATION.

The retirement, two years ago, of the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, from his position at Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, left a void in the ranks of public teachers of Theism which it has not been easy to supply. A brief glance at one or two leading facts of Mr. Brooke's singularly instructive career may not be unwelcome, if by recalling the brave words he spoke for so many years, and the noble example he set in the midst of spiritual conflicts, lovers of truth may be encouraged to strive as valiantly for humanity. The career of Mr. Stopford Brooke is profoundly significant of the subtle currents of thought underlying the visible expression of the spiritual beliefs of our day, as well as evidence of an enthusiastic integrity and directness of purpose rare even among teachers of the loftiest truths. If Mr. Brooke could from the year 1872, when he was appointed one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to the Queen, have found it consistent with his own convictions to have accepted in however liberal a spirit, the undoubted teaching of orthodoxy, there can be little doubt that preferment would have readily come his way. Whether it be true or not, as we have heard on good authority, that after the last time Mr. Brooke preached before Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor, the Dean, who had the arranging of the preachers, received intimation that Mr. Brooke was no longer to be included, it is at least certain that the fearless, outspoken nature of the man was too thorough to admit of any tampering with conscience, and not even the glamour which surrounds the most desirable positions in the Church could for a moment distract his mind from its supreme and disinterested love of truth.

Stopford Augustus Brooke was born in the midst of some of the loveliest scenery of Donegal, nearly sixty-seven years ago. He has himself more than once, in language of eloquent and enthusiastic appreciation, expressed his love of his native country; and—which is even more illustrative of his character—what he owed to the accomplishments of his gifted father. To the example and careful training of this parent, among other details, he has told us he traced the interest which he has always felt in English literature.

After school life at Kidderminster and Kingstown, Mr. Brooke entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he won the Downes' Divinity Prize and the Vice-Chancellor's Prize for English verse. He graduated in 1857, and at his father's wish, entered the Church of England. His first curacy was at St. Matthew's, Marylebone, where for two years, he had a wide experience among the poor of a parish of 8000 souls. Here one of the early indications of his free, independent manner of thinking asserted itself, and he was arraigned by his vicar for heresy. The vicar further endeavoured to prevent him being admitted to Priests Orders, but Dr. Tait, the then Bishop of London, was too enlightened to listen to the complaint, and, after Mr. Brooke's explanations was fully satisfied. Mr. Brooke then became curate to the Ven. Archdeacon Sinclair, in Kensington, and while here, Lord John Russell, who often attended this church, recommended him to the chaplaincy of the British Embassy at Berlin. During his appointment, Mr. Brooke had leisure to devote himself to one of his most popular, and in some respects, his

noblest contribution to literature—his "Life of F. W. Robertson." This work was a great success, and the commencement of Mr. Brooke's reputation beyond his clerical sphere. The key-note to the success of this admirable work lay in the thorough mental sympathy between the biographer and his subject. What Mr. Brooke owed to Robertson as the inspirer of his own noblest theological views he, in some way, repaid by leaving to posterity so vivid, appreciative and masterly, a picture of the eminent Brighton preacher. We can rejoice now that both Mr. Hutton and Dean Stanley refused the privilege of writing the life, and that in this way it fell to Mr. Brooke's lot.

But everything in connection with the success of the book was not to be desired. Upon his return from Berlin, Mr. Brooke found, partly through the antagonistic suggestions of *The Record*, that it had raised obstacles in the way of his obtaining another appointment in the Church. The difficulties which he encountered led to his taking an independent course and leasing a small proprietary chapel in Duke Street, Piccadilly, where some of his most thrilling and inspiring sermons were preached. It was while he was at St. James' Chapel that he was appointed one of the chaplains of Her Majesty; and here his influence as a fearless, conscientious teacher of whatever was true, beautiful and ennobling, reached its height.

But revolutions had been going on his own mind during the years that he was thus influencing others. He had gradually become more rationalistic with regard to his views of revelation, and especially as to miracles. It was upon this question that he finally took his decisive step. As the essential truth of the Christianity taught by the Church of England is founded upon the miracle of the Incarnation he was conscious that his convictions were not consistent with his position as a minister of the establishment. He had already taken (1876) the Proprietary Chapel in Bloomsbury, although it was not until 1880 that he seceded from the Church of England.

Those who recollect Mr. Brooke early in the "seventies" when he was a pulpit power in the West End, and used to attract large congregations, not only to his own Chapel, but to Westminster Abbey, and wherever he was announced to preach, will readily recall the vivifying and thrilling eloquence which was the charm and strength of his utterances. When it is also remembered how his words were ever quickened by his passionate sympathies, his quick, intuitive perception of the requirements of suffering humanity, it will not be difficult to understand how he has held together—notwithstanding the changes in his own views—so many sincere and enthusiastic followers. The brave, open-spirit, the noble independence, the intrepid candour of the man were as legible in the glancing of his clear piercing eyes—*cœli lucida templa*—as they were in the words that thrilled his hearers. In his "Life of Robertson," Mr. Brooke has told us that he should never forget the manner in which that eminent preacher once read that grand suggestive line of Tennyson:—

"Ring in the Christ that is to be."

It has been a part of Mr. Brooke's own mission to warm into life some of the frigid conceptions of Theology; to insist, in burning language, upon the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; to illustrate, as powerfully as words would admit, the semblance between the care of the earthly father for his children and that divine tenderness which watches over one and all of us from day to day. This is a truth that runs through all his utterances, even before, as during the last fifteen years of his ministerial career, it was more exclusively applied to illustrating the beauty and simplicity of his conceptions as a Theist. When the anthem, which has been described "as the offering of perfected humanity to God," ascends to the eternal throne, among the voices of poets, scientists, philosophers and saints, mingling harmoniously together, will be found his, who has helped by the genius of earnestness and sincerity, even more than by that of eloquence, to increase its tones of "surpassing indescribable beauty." This purpose through life as his teaching, both written and oral, has been as noble as it has been pure and unselfish; and to those who may recall the fascination of his charmed utterances, as heard at St. James' Chapel, no less than at Bedford Chapel, will be added the even profounder impression of a rarely endowed and exalted personality.

THOMAS BRADFIELD.

The War Tax of Europe.

The War Tax lies heavy on Europe, and loud is the outcry at its load. Valuing out the myriads of francs and marks, florins and lire, roubles and gulden, lei and dinars, drachmai and kroner, milreis and pesetas, in which it keeps its accounts, it appears that the Continent, including European Russia, but excluding Turkey, spends £156,000,000 a year on what it is pleased to term "purposes of defence." For this it keeps three millions of men constantly under arms, with the power of increasing their numbers to six times as many at the word "mobilise."

There are two sides to this question: let us take the least obvious first. The countries that spend this £156,000,000 contain three hundred million inhabitants. On a peace footing the warriors represent just one per cent. of the population; on a war footing they represent just six per cent. In 1811, when we were in the thick of the struggle with the French—Hoste fighting the battle of Lissa, Schomberg capturing Madagascar, Wellington winning Albuera, and so on—we took a census. We were then spending 43 millions a year on our defence, out of a gross expenditure of 90½ millions; the population of Great Britain was 11,911,644; and there were 640,500 men employed in our navy and army, etc. Our "war footing" was thus 5⅜ per cent. of the population; the present "war footing" of the Continent as a whole is only five-eighths per cent. higher.

There is a tendency with us to make more of the seen than the unseen. If a crowd of people pass along Piccadilly for an hour, the newspapers tell us that "all London" went to demonstrate in the Park. "All London" goes to the Jubilee, "all London" is on Epsom Downs on the Derby day, etc., etc. A little arithmetic would save us from such absurdities. For every man in the continental armies at the present moment, there are ninety-nine men, women, and children to form the crowd to look at him, and if the armies were on a war footing there would be ninety-four instead of ninety-nine.

Let us take this in another way. In the county of London there are four hundred people to every policeman; on the Continent there are at present just four times as many soldiers proportionately as we have police. The police are, however, of a retiring disposition; the soldier, on the contrary, is painfully conspicuous, and has an unfortunate habit of making the most of himself. The illustration is therefore not a happy one; let us try another.

A third-class railway coach has five compartments each holding ten passengers. Every coach thus carries fifty persons. On the present continental system there is one man in peace time to defend two coach loads; in war time there would be three soldiers in each coach. Looked at in this way, the numbers are not large. And when we consider that it is only within the last century or two that men have ceased to go about armed; when we think of the Pilgrim Fathers going to Church, every man with his gun and sword; when we think of every man with his bow or spear; and when we go farther back still with every man constantly on the alert against a possible enemy—the conclusion is forced on us that matters have improved considerably, and that the war tax, bad as it is, was in former times much worse.

Another point on the credit side is that the continental armies on the peace footing consist of young men between the ages of twenty and twenty-three, taken at the critical period of life, when drill and discipline are likely to do their best in the formation of character and development of the bodily frame. If to this we add that, notwithstanding the drain on the population, the productions of the Continent continually increase and the amount of goods exported is greater every year, we shall have said nearly all we can say on the optimist side.

On the other side, it must be pointed out that to take the Continent as a whole is misleading, and that attention should be concentrated on the five great Powers whose peace footing is not one per cent. of the populution but ten; and among whom, instead of there being one soldier to every two railway coaches, there are five in each coach. With them the outcry is loud and general. Everything taxable is being taxed, and yet expenditure exceeds income. Every one of them has its balance on the wrong side. The State, like a large family, cannot afford to keep its boys too long without their earning anything;

the sacrifice in according them their schooltime was great, but this further course of calisthenics, with a possibly tragic termination, is proving too expensive to be borne. The country lads leave the fields, never to return thither, but stay in the towns to swell the ranks of the disaffected. It is also to be feared that this military mania is a continual menace. Lessons in self-defence cannot be taken for very long without a desire to put them to practical use—in other words, these excessive armaments may lead to the war which all are so anxious to postpone; but as the French are the nation most likely to be affected with this exuberance, it is obvious that this danger could be avoided at once by their disbanding the army which has brought the burden upon themselves and the rest of Europe.

What the burden amounts to is not easy to say; but if we accept the estimate that the community loses £40 a year for every man under arms, we have a further sum of £120,000,000 to add to the expenditure of £156,000,000; and this would mean that it cost the whole of Europe more than three-quarters of a million a day to keep itself ready for war.

Austria, which does its work more cheaply than the more westerly Powers, spends over ten millions a year on its army, and a million on its navy, and every year takes away from their trades and professions about 120,000 young men, to keep them for three years in the active army, and then transfer them to the landwehr for ten years, whence they are transferred to the landsturm for another ten years. But this is not all. Service is universal; all must serve; there is no such thing as a ballot with lucky numbers, and so on; no great Power can afford to do that nowadays. Those who do not join the army must join the reserve, so that every man from his nineteenth to his forty-second year must be in the army, the navy, the reserve, the landwehr, or the landsturm. In war time the regular army is expected to number 1,753,000 men, and the landsturm 4,000,000. In peace time the warriors form 8½ per cent. of the population.

Italy spends over thirteen millions a year on its army and navy, of which nearly four millions are devoted to its navy. Italy also claims all its men, who have to serve their country in some way from their twentieth to their thirty-ninth year; but how they serve it is decided by lot. Nearly 100,000 of them are required for the regular army, the rest join either the mobile militia or the permanent militia. The "recruit crop" amounts to over 320,000 young men a year, and the army on a peace footing numbered last May 278,000, with over half a million in the mobile militia, and 1,651,000 in the territorial militia. Its war strength in peace time is 9 per cent. of its population.

Between Italy and Germany there is a wide interval in expenditure. Germany spends over twenty-one millions on its army, and about two and a half millions on its navy. Here, again, all must serve, and the numbers taken for the regular army depend on the state of the finances, the men not chosen as regulars being assigned to the Ersatz, so as to be ready when called upon. The German is liable for service in the army or navy when he is seventeen, but he is not called up until he is twenty. No German is free of the landsturm until he is forty-five. The army numbers 486,983 men without counting its officers; and in case of invasion would have three millions under arms. In peace time its warriors form ten per cent. of the population.

Next to Germany in its war budget, spending some ten millions more, is Great Britain; but as we have kept ourselves out of these calculations, we can pass on to France, which has a war expenditure of something like thirty-four and a half millions, of which about a third is devoted to a navy, which exceeds in tonnage, as in horse power, the whole of that of its mercantile marine. Here, again, service is universal. From twenty to twenty-five every Frenchman must be enrolled in the active army or the reserves. In peace, France has an army of 564,000 men, and even its horses number 141,000. If to this we add the reserve, we find an army of 2,350,000, behind which is a territorial army of 900,000, and a territorial reserve of over a million At a moderate estimate, France could raise an army of two and a half millions of men within a fortnight of the declaration of war. In peace time the men in its army form 14¾ per cent. of its population.

Russia spends about forty-five millions on its army and navy. Its European army on a peace

footing numbers 750,900 men, and on a war footing over two and a half millions, its first line amounting to 1,355,000. Service is universal, every man of the age of twenty-one being liable unless he is a cleric, a doctor, or a teacher. Every year Russia has 870,000 young men to choose from, and of these 260,000 are taken for the army, the rest going to the reserves. In peace time these "defenders" form 7½ per cent. of the population. These are the five great Powers of Europe, and among them in the time of peace they keep guard with 2,400,000 soldiers, and close on half a million horses—the men under arms being nearly 10 per cent. of the population.

But these are not all. Belgium has an army of nearly 50,000 men, with a war strength of three times as many; Denmark has an army of 41,000, with a war strength of 58,000; Greece has an army of 24,000, with a war strength of 100,000; Holland has an army of 20,000, with a war strength of 69,000; Portugal has an army of 34,000, with a war strength of 150,000; Roumania has an army of 48,000, with a war strength of 130,000; Servia has an army of 20,000, with a war strength of 100,000; Spain has an army of 90,000, with a war strength of 115,000; Sweden and Norway has an army of 56,000, with a war strength of perhaps five times as much; and Switzerland has an army of 131,000, with 81,000 in the landwehr and 270,000 in the landsturm, every Swiss who does not care to serve having to pay a special tax, which only yields the State an average income of about £55,000 a year.

Adding these together, we find, as we said at the outset, that Europe has three millions of men under arms during peace; and the labour of these during the three years they are on the average under training represents an indirect loss to the community of £360,000,000. The £156,000,000 a year paid for their training and equipment is only a loss in so far as it might have been spent or employed productively. Enormous as it is, the state of things is cheaper than actual war. In the war of 1870, France alone lost £700,000,000, directly or indirectly, and that was £19 per head of her population; she is now paying, directly or indirectly, about thirty shillings per head per year.

W. J. Gordon.

A Dawn in London.

It is easy to poetise about sunrise and sunset, for they are always beautiful. Even when they come by stealth in a shroud of greyness and lacking their visible pomp of folded crimson and gold, they still keep a beauty of inward meaning about them. They are the rhymes of nature's poem—the spring and autumn of the day—magic, elf-haunted borderlands, inspiring poetry and heroic deeds. They hint at solemn matters—at birth and death, and the inevitable lapse of days. They are moments when it is easy to see Time hurrying and the earth spinning. They are moments, but eternal; they never cease round the world; there is always sunrise somewhere; the stillness and the flush do not vanish, but only pass on a few miles westward.

Away from the fields, in London, where every tree has the melancholy air of an exotic, and the birds have contracted town manners, the sky is the only place where nature retains a firm and spacious footing. In spite of smoke and fog and narrow streets, we may still see much of the great work that goes on overhead—the sun moving across the sky, the stars shining, the clouds gathering and dissolving, the moon waxing and waning. The smoke from a million chimneys only imparts a deeper glow to the sunset; the London dawn, from spring to autumn, shines through a purer, sweeter atmosphere than the late-rising Londoner may credit; while the very incongruity, the contrast between the resplendence above and the sordid dulness it illuminates below, is not without its peculiar charm.

At sunrise on some July morning you are awakened by the pattering of a brisk shower on the tiles. The heat within is stifling, so after lying for a few minutes, you rise and open the window—and gaze upon an enchanted world. You scarcely recognise the old familiar prospect of suburban roofs and chimneys and back yards; a transforming spell is on them all, and they wear a new and unimagined aspect. You hold your breath and wonder. What spirit of wild loveliness has crept up under cover of night into the forbidden regions of the town, and settled on this mean spot? The rain is ceasing, but a thin white mist is in the air; and from below steams up the odour of moist earth, an odour at once sweet and pungent, and so intense that for a moment it is a

pain to breathe it. The wind that has brought the rain still lingers, and stirs with an uncertain, failing breath the tops of the poplars, which reel slightly to and fro, as if dizzy with the great joy of the morning. And behind the poplars in the north-east is a grey cloud edged with ruddy gold; and as you look the rim of the ascending sun leaps up out of the cloud, and instantly, everywhere, among the wet leaves, on the fences and tree-trunks, red glimmering fires appear. The cloud sinks as the sun rises, and in an inconceivably brief time the full orb hangs there unencumbered in colour like a mass of molten metal, its globular shape curiously apparent in the misty air. It is not the flat disc one sees at sunset, but distinctly a sphere, and seemingly so close at hand that your imagination easily goes a voyage round it, as it floats in vacancy over some meadow not far distant; and you think you hear the last faint echoes of a delicate music which lately ushered its arrival out of darkness.

How wonderful it all is! Even the trivial chatter of the sparrows on the tiles has a strange unaccustomed tone, at once near and far away, like voices heard in the intervals of sleep. A cock crows in the distance, and is answered by another so remote as to be almost inaudible; then a third close at hand replies with startling lustiness. Immediately, as if they have been waiting for this signal, the pigeons that nest in the church spire hard by, launch from their roost with a quick loud flapping of wings, and beat a swift flight northwards. You have scarcely time to observe them when they are already specks in the distance.

And now, lest the spell be dissolved with too long gazing, you leave the window. You fall asleep again, and the memory of these few moments remains for ever unsullied and apart, like a vision in a dream, fenced about with slumber.—C.L.

Those who think that ignorance is bliss, try to keep out the lightning by drawing down the blinds.

The merit of men is not always to be judged by what they produce. The fruit is not everything, or else we might prefer the gooseberry to the oak.

Here and There.

Perhaps the most noticeable event of the month in the religious world has been the publication of three parts of "The Polychrome Bible."* This great work marks an epoch in the history of Biblical criticism. Its most distinctive feature is the presentation to the eye of the various documents which make up the Bible by printing them in different colours. It places within easy reach of the ordinary Bible reader the results of the higher criticism in an impressive and popular form. The whole of the Bible is to be re-translated by the most competent authorities. The general editor, Mr. Paul Haupt, has secured the co-operation of notable scholars in England, America, Germany, and Holland. It is sufficient to mention only the names of Cheyne, Driver, George A. Smith, Toy, Delitzsch, Kamphausen, Montefiore, Briggs. The three parts now issued are Judges, Isaiah, and the Book of Psalms. Judges has been entrusted to Professor Moore, Isaiah to Cheyne, and the Psalms to Wellhausen. In each case a valuable set of notes is appended. We commend this remarkable work to our congregations as a suitable present to make their ministers.

It is a striking coincidence that the month which witnesses the publication of "The Polychrome Bible" should be saddened by the death of Dr. Samuel Davidson, the forerunner of the higher criticism in England. The results of criticism recorded in "The Polychrome Bible," and now accepted in almost every theological college, were forty years ago everywhere denounced, and their proclamation was sufficient to drive Dr. Davidson from his chair in the Lanarkshire Congregational College. He bravely suffered martyrdom in the cause of free biblical inquiry. It is sad to think that men like Dr. Robert Vaughan and Dr. Raffles joined in the ignorant, bigoted outcry, and voted with the majority on the College Committee which condemned enlightened scholarship. It was a sorry exhibition of moral cowardice. Thank God the world does move, although slowly, and such a vote would be impossible to-day. The things that shocked men then are now the common-places of biblical criticism—so true is it

* James Clarke and Co., Fleet Street, London.

that the heresy of yesterday is the orthodoxy of to-day. Dr. Davidson simply and fearlessly took the consequences of his action, and faced poverty with a sturdy heart. He suffered the fate of all pioneers, and carried his cross without a murmur. The temple of truth should have a shrine for Samuel Davidson.

Mr. Perks' Marriage Bill, which would relieve marriages in Nonconformist chapels from the presence of the Registrar, should receive the support of our Free Churches. What minister among us has not suffered from the unpunctuality, the forgetfulness, and sometimes the pettifogging authority of those gentlemen, the Registrars? No doubt the ideal arrangement would be a civil marriage for every one at the public offices, followed by whatever religious service the parties may desire. But as this at present is impossible, the next best thing is to place all officiating ministers on the same footing as the clergy of the Established Church.

When we remember the hostile attitude of the National Free Church Federation to our own faith and churches, rigidly excluding them from all fellowship and recognition, it is curious to read the words of Dr. Mackennal, the Hon. Secretary of the Federation, at Mr. Dendy Agate's welcome meeting. Dr. Makennal and Mr. Agate are near neighbours at Bowden, and in a friendly, neighbouring spirit the former joined in welcoming the latter to his new field of labour. In the course of his speech, Dr. Mackennal said: "He trusted that Mr. Agate would make his influence felt in the religious life not only of his own church, but of the town. For although he was not one of those who thought the differences which separated them were such that they could very lightly enter upon an interchange of pulpits, yet if he was not prepared to recognise the reality of the religion which they manifested there, he should not have been with them at that meeting. The day might come when a larger truth would emerge above the horizon, in which their particular theological conceptions would be harmonised and unified. And while they waited for that day of reconciliation of thought as well as sentiment, they might very well join, in so far as it was possible, in the recognition not only of sincerity, but of Godliness and of Christianity under the forms in which others believed it to exist." We commend this admirable deliverance to Dr. Mackennal's companions on the Council of the Free Church Federation.

Peaceableness.

The man not being a hermit in a desert, or a saint on a pillar, or a Robinson Crusoe on an uninhabited island, who says he will never quarrel is a very foolish person. There are even such things as judicious quarrels. A quarrel will sometimes, even in domestic life, "clear the air," for it is to be remembered that almost any state of things is better than secretly nourished grievances, or brooding in sullen silence on offences. It is but too true that lovers may be made more ardent, friends more friendly, associates more ready to listen to our just claims by an occasional quarrel. As the old Madrigal puts it: "The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love." I am not recommending that lovers, friends and associates should quarrel of set purpose. Causes of difference are plentiful without inventing them or seeking them. It is only meant that quarrelling, the angry outburst, the quick word, the fierce challenge is sometimes better than nursing our wrongs, or imaginary wrongs, in glum silence.

"If it be possible as much as lieth in you live peaceably with all men." There the apostle clearly recognises that sometimes it is *not* possible. The wisest men, the best men, the most thoughtful men, the men who are most studious of peace may have contention thrust upon them. Lot could not live peaceably with the inhabitants of Sodom—much to his credit. Moses could not live at peace with Egypt when he saw his people oppressed. It would have been a shame if he could. Samuel could not be at peace when the king, despotic, arrogant, fractious, was leading Israel astray. David could not live at peace with Saul—Saul would not let him. The prophets could not live at peace with their people when idols were worshipped instead of the true God. Jesus could not live at peace with all the men of his time. The most genial, gentle, meek, and merciful of all beings called Herod "That Fox!" and spoke

of the religious leaders of his time as "a generation of vipers." In this great, blundering, criminal world it is not a duty upon a man to be at peace with his fellowmen anyhow. A man without producing discords may yet be in discords.

Still, when all allowances are made, it is more blessed to be a lover than a breaker of peace. What a boon is the peaceable temper which diminishes the frictions of life, which eases its burdens, which smooths the rough and straitens the crooked, which heals the wounds of men, and is in the world as a strain of sweetest music.

* * * * * * *

By the way, did you ever notice what a blessed Peacemaker is music? If you were to turn a number of Roman Catholics and Protestants loose into a large room, you would say the elements were there for a pretty considerable quarrel; and if, in addition, you were to let in by one door a few stiff-backed Calvinists, and by another a few pugnacious Agnostics; and if, further, you admitted a sprinkling of Home Rulers and a sprinkling of Unionists, and added to them a score of medical men with an equal number of anti vaccinators; and, lastly, threw in a few teetotalers and a few brewers, you would say that in the nature of things there would be storms and earthquakes in double quick time, and you would think of providing stretchers for the wounded and coffins for the dead. But I have observed all these various and antagonistic elements gathered together in a concert-room, and there never was a more peaceful assembly. The Catholic was fascinated by the music of the Protestant, Bach; and the Protestant was wonder-stricken by the genius of the Catholic, Berlioz; and men of all creeds and opinions sat at the feet of Beethoven, and thrilled under a common emotion as they listened to the glorious Fifth Symphony. For three hours music made them forget their differences, and united them in peace and good will. Did you ever notice the effect of a band of music passing down a street into which opens grimy courts filled with shrieking voices, quarrelling women, wrangling children? All the wrangling and cursing and snarling ceases as the music passes by, and the hard faces are softened, if but for a moment. I have sometimes wondered what would be the effect if during a long and angry debate in the House of Commons, there were to be a pause for a singer to come in and pour forth Mozart's "*Voi che Sapete.*" How would it tend to soothe irritated feeling and keep antagonists from explosion? Ah me! it is only a fancy; yet it is no fancy that men may and should so carry themselves as to make music in the world.

* * * * * * *

A great French preacher, when dying, said, "Oh, for more of the little virtues that grow at the foot of the Cross." By "little virtues" he meant peaceableness, patience, kindness, sweetness, the still tongue, the mind *not* ready to take offence nor give it. The "little virtues" are the virtues that make for peace. The Christian disciple should not only be conspicuous for truth, honesty, and devoutness; he should also be full of "grace," that is of charm, sweetness, and beauty, the flowers and blossoms of character that spread their fragrance around.

* * * * * * *

There are three things specially to be borne in mind if we would avoid useless and unseemly quarrels—

I. That most quarrels are quarrels that depend on words. You need not rob a man, you need not knock him down, in order to embitter him. A word will do quite as well. More than half the theological and political quarrels of men would come to an end if they could only agree about words.

II. It is the little forms of selfishness that irritate and set people in antagonism. Many men can be greatly generous who in small matters are selfish. They have a way of pushing to the front, of getting for themselves the advantage, of securing their own comfort, of pushing others aside, which provokes angry feeling more than downright injury.

III. It will contribute to peaceableness if we do not expect too much of men.

* * * * * * *

Peaceableness is better than much learning or great wealth. It is better now; it will be more satisfactory hereafter. You will never in the land of the Unfading Years be sorry for any bitter word unuttered; you will not be sorry for any self-seeking suppressed; you will never be

sorry for any kindness that you have done, nor for any patience that you have shown; you will never be sorry for refraining from those things which wound and annoy; you will never be sorry that you have lived peaceably with men. For they who are lovers of peace are specially the children of the Father who is in heaven.

—J. W.

The Name Jehovah.

The peculiar feature of the Semitic languages is that the consonants are everything, and the vowels nothing, "every word consisting, in the first instance, merely of three consonants, which form, so to speak, the soul of the idea to be expressed by that word." And as in ancient times the consonants only were written, the name *Jehovah* appeared as J H V H. Its exact pronunciation is utterly lost, and such veneration gathered round it that when the Jews came to it they substituted some other name, usually *Adonai*. Afterwards, when vowels were added to the Hebrew text, those in *Adonai*, or its phonetic form *Edona*, were inserted between the letters of the sacred name, and thus J H V H was written JeHoVaH.

Although its first appearance in Israelitish history remains obscure, the arguments of Kuenen (*Religion of Israel*, vol. i., pp. 398 *et seq.*) conclusively refute the reasoning of Laud, Goldziher, and others who contend that it is post-Mosaic, and assign it to the period of the "awakening idea of nationality" among the Israelites, *i.e.* until their settlement in Canaan. Its connection, now generally admitted, with the verb *to be* justifies the interpretation attached to it in Exodus iii. 14, "I am that I am," by which may be understood, "He that is," or, as including the being whose "verb has no tenses," the "Eternal." Curious correspondences, for no more than these dare we call them, are the *nuk pu nuk*, "I am he who I am," of the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," and the declaration of Ahuramazda to Zarathustra (*Ormuzd Yasht*, Haug. p. 195), "I am who I am, Mazda," while Brugsch states that *ânkh*, the divinity worshipped at Pithom, which city the Israelites enlarged while in bondage, means "he who lives" or "the Living One," and ventures the suggestion that it affords a clue to the meaning attached to the Hebrew "Jehovah." The last word has not been spoken on this matter, perhaps it never will be; but that a semi-barbarous people like the Israelites evolved, while in the polytheistic stage of development, the philosophical ideas of "being," ultimately connected with Jehovah, is in accordance "neither with psychology nor history." The impulse in this direction seems to have come from Egypt through Moses, who, consciously or not, could scarcely remain unaffected by contact with a religion under whose symbols the conception of a Highest appear traceable.

May Day.

The sun shines bright
This sweet May day:
Its splendid beam of white
And all-revealing light
Searches all things to find
The rich and beautiful and rare;
To pave for busy life a way,
To show the useful still combined
With what most lovely is and fair;
To wake upon the hills the morning breeze,
And bid it chronicle the day
With rustling of fresh leaves
And nodding whitecaps on the sea.
And, having filled the world, it has to spare
For my heart, and filleth me.

On this day how the birds sing!
They like the rich, cool air;
It wooes their merriest notes, and they bring
Their music wild and rare,
And the wonderful beauty of their airy forms
That scarce will bend a twig, but ride on storms,
To deck and glorify the waving woods.
These are the rich and costly goods
That come from distant tropic marts
Of Nature's commerce, that ply their arts,—
For this is living merchandise, with hearts
That feel and bodies made of vital parts,—
To fill the fields with music, and the tree
With progeny melodious and fair;
And, having filled all these, they have to spare
For my heart, and do fill me.

—*J. V. Blake.*

Thinking too much about ourselves often leads to thinking too much of ourselves.

The smaller accomplishments help life along. They lubricate the machinery. Good manners are the oil of society's wheels.

Seed Corn.

A child of God should be a visible beatitude.

God knows all, and it is not for us to criticise.

To feel too big or too small is equally unnatural, and therefore harmful.

All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not the science of honesty and good nature.

Without the stimulus of Suffering the Race had never started on its upward career.

A good sermon is one that stimulates to fresh thought in the less familiar, and to fresh action in the more familiar matters of religion.

The most foolish of all errors is to believe that you forfeit your originality in recognising a truth which has already been recognised by others.

Do not waste your pity on any one because he has a poor capital in money, if he has a rich capital in hope and affection.

It is with rough and often cruel tools that the Divine Sculptor achieves the likeness of Christ in a human soul.

To feel widely is to live in the life of humanity; to feel deeply is to live in the life of God.

Toleration is a word that should never be spoken among truth-lovers; for toleration is a proud, intolerant word.

Says a great man: "A sermon to be preached a second time, must be born again." If so, how many lives some sermons ought to have!

He who can no longer be led on some romantic quest by a Spenser, a Keats, a Tennyson, or a Browning, is no longer a living soul; he is only an animated mummy.

Blessed be the illusions of life! The child believes its father to be the wisest, strongest, but most lovable of all men in the universe. Who would be such a brute as to destroy that illusion?

Paradise is here, visible and tangible by mortal eyes and hands, wherever self is lost in loving, wherever the narrow limits of personality are beaten down by the inrush of the divine Spirit.

Books of poetry ought to be kept under lock and key, for no one can estimate the damage done by such writings! Damage to what? To vulgarity, narrowness, meanness, selfishness, worldliness.

If you are of some slight help to one living soul in any corner of the universe, you are one of the fit, and may live. Cease to be this, and the undeviating law will, without mercy, stamp you out as one of the unfit.

We have plenty of stale, insipid, lethargic, half-and-half religious life. The Church needs more caloric. The stove must have the damper open, and the grate cleared of dust, and the dull heap of darkness must become a glowing fire.

What the Church wants is a cheerful pulpit. The pulpit is the last place in the world for pessimism to lurk in. Many preachers are preternaturally solemn. They are oppressed by the "burden of the Lord." Rather let them remember that "The joy of the Lord is their strength."

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35, PARADISE STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

The True Orpheus.

By the Rev. Bernard Snell, M.A.

Long ago the Argonauts set sail in their ship to bring to Greece the Golden Fleece that had belonged to the ram that came from heaven. How they won the Fleece, and having won it set out for home amid storms and opposed by many enemies I cannot now tell: every child should read it. It is one of the greatest stories in the world. Theirs was a large vessel, with fifty benches of rowers in it; when winds were adverse or when there was no wind, they had to row. Well, one summer day they came near to a fair island, and it was bright with flowers and they heard maidens singing on the shores the sweetest songs ever heard by mortal ears.

Captain Jason bade them row hard to get away from the land; "For," said he, "those are the Sirens, who lure men to death. Row hard, or we are lost; the shore is strewn with the bones of dead men who stopped to listen." But the silver voices of the Sirens stole away the courage of the oarsmen, though they were heroes: Hercules himself was one of them. And they listlessly let the oars drop from their weary hands. Then the maidens called them to come to the garden of all winsome delights and fair beauties. Captain Jason almost in despair, for he knew what the end would be, called for his minstrel Orpheus, and bade him sing a stirring song of noble deeds. Perhaps that might rouse the men from their trance and recall them to duty. Orpheus was the Greek who sang so sweetly that even fishes came up to hear his strains, and even trees held their branches still to listen. Orpheus seized his harp. His voice was strong and clear as he sang a song of brave deeds and manly honour; and so loudly rang out his voice that he quite outsang the song of the Sirens on the shore. The men seized their oars again, and to the cadence of his melody they drew their vessel through the waves until the island was far, far behind.

Did you never hear the song of the Sirens? No! What? Did you never hear quite inside yourself "Just do as you like; enjoy yourself. Never mind, there's plenty of time for hard work by-and-bye. Have a good time?"—That is the song of the Sirens.

Did you never hear Orpheus? I remember being with my wife and some friends in Rome, and we were looking at the pictures on the walls of the Catacombs where the early Christians prayed, and where sometimes they took refuge from their tormentors and persecutors, and on the wall, close by a grave, there is still a picture of Orpheus, and all living things are listening to him, charmed by his music. But if you look closely at the picture, you see that it is *Christ*, who by the might of His gentleness and the loveliness of His life, is winning all men. Indeed our "Orpheus" is Christ, who sings in our hearts and says, "My child, follow Me."

In the old fairy-story of the Greeks the Sirens were liars! If men landed on that shore, they found that instead of being, as they seemed from the distance, beautiful maidens, they were loathsome creatures with fangs and claws. And if we give way to the voice that says, "Enjoy yourself: never mind anybody else. Just enjoy yourself," the old Greek story comes terribly true.

Of course, we all know that God has sent us into this world not to be miserable and discontented, but to be happy. But there are times in which we have no right to do what we like,—when you have lessons to learn and you yourself would rather go and play,—when it is time to get up in the morning, and self is lazy, and you decide, "Oh! I'll have ten minutes more in bed,"—when self is greedy and wants to grasp all the nice things that are going. "Oh!" you say, "I do wish the temptations that come to me were not always so pleasant: one is always tempted to do a *nice* thing." Why, of course, there would be no temptation if we were not enticed by something that seems delicious and entrancing.

Let me add only this, that the man who lives to be happy is really much less likely to be happy than the man who tries to be good. You say, "I can't understand that." No: very few of us who are grown up can understand that. But it is true that if a man seeks to be happy before anything else, he is much less likely to find happiness, than the man who says, "I will be true whatever happens."

I cannot explain it, but I think that it is a little like this—Suppose you had nothing but holidays with no work at all, don't you think that you would very soon get tired of play? *I* am sure of it.

Heaven is not the reward of those who seek to be happy, but of those who try to be good.

The Sad Story of a Boy that Cried.

Once a little boy was, oh! ever so good
Till he took a strange notion to cry all he could.

So he cried all the day, and he cried all the night,
He cried in the morning, and he cried in the twilight;

He cried till his voice was hoarse as a crow,
And his mouth grew so large it looked like a great O.

It grew at the bottom, and it grew at the top;
It grew till they thought that it never would stop.

Each day his great mouth grew taller and taller,
And his dear little self grew smaller and smaller.

At last that same mouth grew so big that—alack!—
It was only a mouth with a border of Jack!

Herrick's Grace for a Little Child.

Here a little child I stand
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as Paddocks* though they be,
Yet I lift them, Lord, to thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat and on us all.—Amen.

* Frogs.